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CENTERFOLD

GERDA SCHEEPERS

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IV

Friday:

Pull into NY around 11pm and head directly to Kenka on St. Marks Place, and want to take full advantage of their dollar-fifty Kirin drafts, but have an early morning planned with three fairs scheduled for tomorrow. Making all three (the Armory, Independent, Moving Image) will be a feat of endurance, a true test of will. Quick panic attack that none of the art I'll see tomorrow will be as good as this boisterous Izakaya – an extravaganza of kitschy posters, eerie life-sized sculptures and blinking pachinko machines.

Saturday:

Arrive at the Armory Show bright and early thanks to the VIP Pass. This year's pass and subsequent materials (T-shirts and tote bags worn by security and tour guides) were commissions by Liz Magic Lazer and she took her inspiration from the magical beige boardrooms of the market research folks that determine the visual identity of the fair. I wanted to hate it, and thought the acoutretement (with information gleaned from the focus groups) was contrived in that insiders poking fun at themselves kind of way, but the "behind-the-scenes" video of art-world professionals chatting was fascinating.

As a curator with a tendency to gravitate towards video, I am always in search of new media art although that is often a tall order at the Armory. Sad, but true: odds are slim on finding work for my upcoming pirate radio station (possibly broadcasting from a boat docked at island mainna, and would sound art, experimental music, and bootlegged audio from Ecuadorian soccer matches).

Alex Baker at the Fleisher-Olman booth, on Pier 92, showed me some wonderfully racy photos by Eugene Von Bruenchenhein of his wife Marie lovingly posed up against various paisley backgrounds -- exotic innocence. Then Alex pointed me towards a collection of fascinating Peter Attie Besharo's visionary landscapes paintings.

Heading outside to go next door (no rickety stairs reminiscent of an Indiana Jones rope bridge between booths this year), my first stop was Jim Campbell at Bryce Wolkowitz, which was reminiscent glow in the dark ceiling stars.

Nick Cave's Blot. 2013. video at Jack Shaimman Gallery set a high early bar for favorite video. The 2-channel video showed two symmetrical patterns flowing in unison – the screens were dancing together. The sculptures are rapidly becoming repetitive and have lost my interest, but the mesmerizing video hooked me long enough to watch it a few times through the loop. The video

eliminates his bread & butter – color and texture and strips the figures down to pure abstract movement.

Rachel Lee Hovanian's Dinner for Two: Wedding Cake, 2013, seemed to attract a crowd all day, but was really not interesting. A couple sits across a formal table and although we can only see their faces on the screens, it is obvious that they each have stronger feelings for their ubiquitous technology than they do each other -- love and disconnection.

The Blame Melgaard and Sverre Bjertne "homage" to Mary Boone is the best thing I've ever seen at a big fair – the avalanche of work would be far to expensive to ship – so, I'll never be able to work with it. This felt more like an exhibition than a booth at a fair. The booth was transformed by purple carpet and wood paneling and is "overseen" by a life size doll with a distinct "Mary Boone" feel (Chanel suit). One drawing showed Boone as a haggard deer-women (though still dressed smartly) and had: "Mary Boone Crying After Julian Schnabel Left Her Gallery" inscribed on it.

The Gagosian Warhol wallpaper booth had uniformed security guards. HA.

Quick stop into the VIP lounge to look at the overpriced salads and watch video on a screen that was embedded in a Champagne Pommy sign. It feels incredibly roomy this year – I'm told that they expanded to an area that previously housed additional booths – and feels like a casino "VIP" lounge ... only you cannot smoke.

A crowd attracts a crowd – Duke Riley turned his booth into a participatory event by offering free stone rubbed prints to anyone willing to kneel on the floor and do the work themselves. Despite best intentions, I have rumpled many of these types of free prints on the subway through the years.

Oh, two guys wearing matching Thom Browne suits holding hands and drinking champagne – is there any way this is not a performance piece?

Which are better: Julia Dault's curved plexi sculptures or her scraped abstract paintings – either way, I'm buying what she is selling – and so were the little kids playing in the sculptures' reflective surfaces.

The impressive Diana Thater installation at David Zwirner was just that: grids of video panels juttred around the booth's corners showing dreamy/grainy violet blossoms swaying in a storm.

Ryan Foerster's abstract photos always appear weathered, but the series in the CLEARING booth were especially haggard, having

CAROLYN SALAS

been heavily damaged by Hurricane Sandy. The mirrored surfaces were deteriorating in the dirt and natural grime and were hung exactly as they were found after the storm.

The sinister little machines James Capper showed at Hannah Barry Gallery combine everyday functional home improvement power tools crossed with tools of torture from a movie like Hostel; the subject of many bad dreams.

After this tremendous visual overload it is now time to hit the Independent Fair, some Chelsea galleries, and finish off the day with the Moving Image Fair.

The Independent had some work I really enjoyed: Michel Auder's Endless Column, 2011; a Barbara Hammer film; some B. Wurtz floor sculptures... but ... !jackpot! The best thing I have seen all day:

Audio samples selected from: Recordings Of Unseen Intelligences, 1905-2007; Occult Voices – Paranormal Music. This collection is a 3 CD set, edited by Andreas Fischer & Thomas Knoefel, that brings together audio from ghosts, spirit mediums, seances, poltergeists – contusing, bizarre and perfect for pirate radio.

DANIEL FULLER
WHY WE RUN: A DAY AT THE FAIR

I'm still making art; it was only till after, that I got serious. The move to the dessert changed things. There was something so calming about the slow shift of landscape as you drove. I found myself, there in the dessert, I'm sorry it lost you.

My earliest and happiest memory of you was when we were swimming. Now there is something about the weightlessness and muffled sound that brings me back, maybe like the dessert did. It's there in that space I relax. I try to go often. In my own work I've found I bring that in. Weightlessness on the verge of collapse, I like that tension, there is humor and something ridiculous about it.

I have had other dreams where we have met but it's been so long now, I forget what happened. I wish we could meet more often.

XII

Dear G,

I had a dream where you came to me and asked how everyone was. You looked good. It has been awhile, too long. I miss you. You told me to tell M you could be found at "shoot #9".

The shoot in my dream was a white plastic tube, similar to a slide. They were in rows, all of which were numbered. It seemed so simple, of course. Since then I haven't been able to locate you. Was that location only for the afterlife and not dream life? Is there a distinction for you?

What really happened? It's still a mystery. I don't think they know the truth. What is the truth anyways? Am I supposed to be the one to tell them? I'm not sure what to believe. Your headstone is on the way, after all these years. I thought I could make one for you but there are restrictions, so I can't. M sold the house; you should have seen it, falling down practically, the basement; filled with tubes but no matter what, come spring there were always hundreds of daylilies. I think that's what kept her going. I was worried about her being there.

The boys are great, you would be proud.

Time goes quickly as I am sure you know, or maybe time stands still in the moment of which you left? When I think back, it feels like yesterday, so vivid in my mind. The colors and sounds, I look at pictures but they don't capture the memory I have quite as well. Lives so distant from the one I know now.

XI

Monday:
First of all turn it inside-out.

Tuesday:
Arrange the two light sources opposite each other and put the subject between them.

Wednesday:
Fires, strikes, scarcity of fuel, war or acts of war, acts of mobs.

Thursday:
Cut two round holes for eyes.

Friday:
Set up a new bank account with a different bank and move your current account.

Saturday:
Measure doorways for crates.

Sunday:
One of you pulling when the other is pushing.

Monday:
Loop the strip into a ring.

AMANDA ROSS-HO
GONE TOMORROW
SPRING 2013

The market will always favor the weak and the well behaved. It is a congratulation to the consumer for being exactly the same way.

Those who can not truly experience their own unique relationship to history will live a life of received ideas and will create art that is safe, simple, predictable and dull. Some may be beautiful, some may be clever, but they will be empty on the inside and eventually indiscernible from all others that suffer the same symptoms blindly.

The way art history and personal history are dealt with are parallel examples of how to become analyzed or not. People will be trapped and held hostage by their unanalyzed memories. This model is a fail safe way to critique contemporary art.

The father need not be killed, but the desire to kill must be known by the artist. Artists who cleave too closely to the histories given them will never be fully mature. Artists who capitulate to and work within the accepted histories of art are like adult children who go into the family business and marry a childhood best friend. They are exactly what they are expected to be. They are dull and acceptable.

The patient holds the historical memory and works through it with the analyst. If successful, the distorted memories can be set free. Trauma can be transformed into a comprehensible memory that can become a known and accepted part of identity.

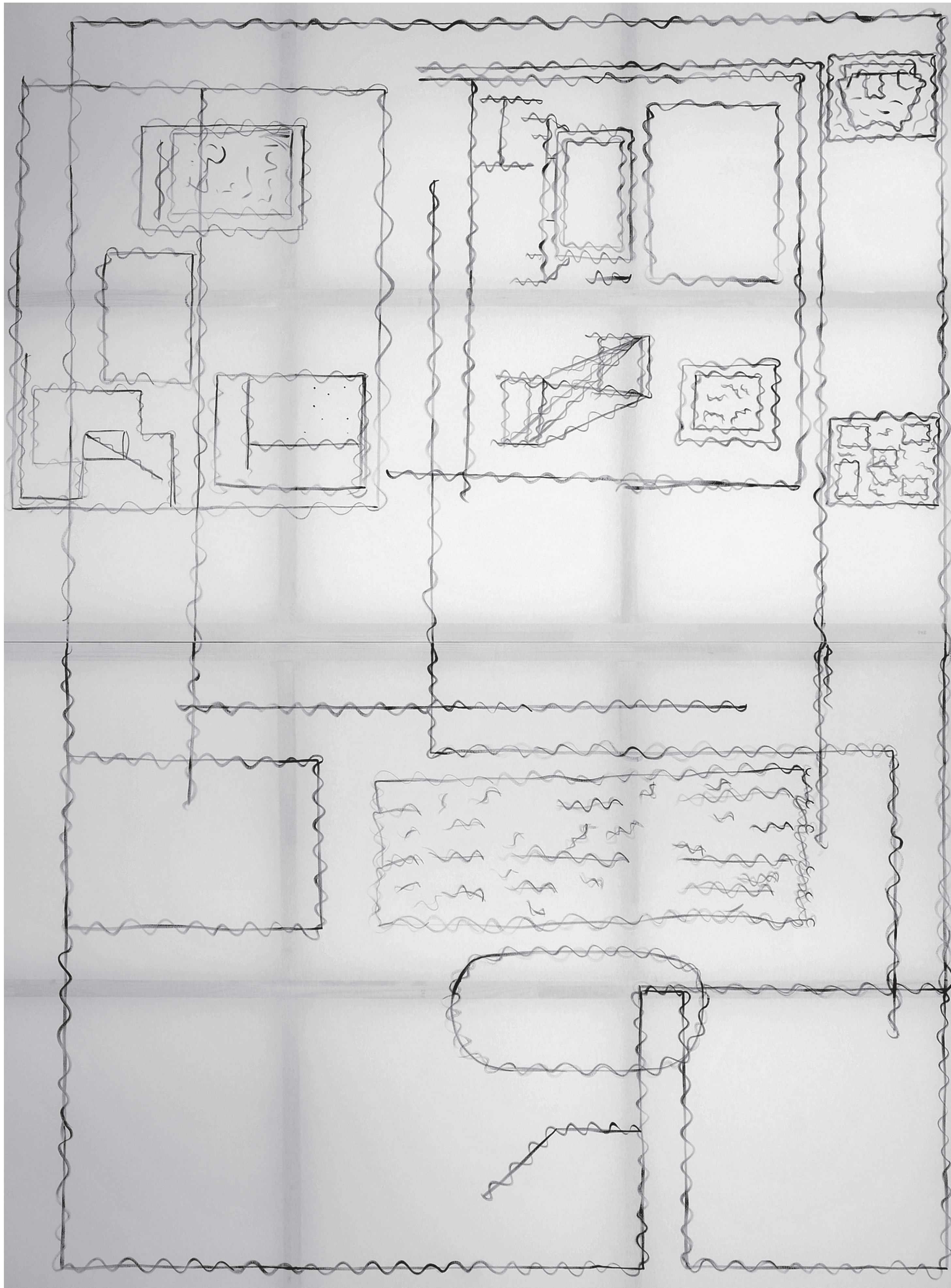
The artist is the patient. The studio is the analyst. The work is the work

Art history is a traumatic memory. Art history is collective memory. Artists are responsible for analyzing history and rethinking it because only artists can have a cathartic experience reliving this history, thus only they can transform this history.

VI

#SLD SITE LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION	
THE ROAD, IN ON THE SOUTH; VEGETATED LAND. ENTRANCE GATE ON	SITE NEW JERSEY. THE SITE IS BOUNDED ON THE WEST; ON THE EAST (SEE FIGURE 1). THE SITE IS FENCED ON THREE SIDES (EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH), WITH A LOCKED MAIN
LAND USE IN THE OF THE SITE INCLUDE WAREHOUSES	THE SITE IS CLASSIFIED AS LIGHT INDUSTRIAL. LIGHT CHEMICAL, THE SITE IS LOCATED ACROSS THE STREET
	(SEE FIGURES 1 AND 2).
	(AS SHOWN ON FIGURE 2), HOWEVER, THERE ARE THREE DWELLINGS WHICH EXIST
LANDS BORDERING THE RIVER AND ACRES OF MARSHLAND INCLUDING WALDEN SWAMP AND THE SITE, THE SITE	MEADOWLANDS , AN CREEK, EIGHT-DAY SWAMP. ALTHOUGH AN UPLAND AREA.
GROUNDWATER IN THE WATER TABLE ALSO FLOWS TOWARDS GOTHAM	THE SITE FLOWS INTO ISLAND . WATER EAST. GROUNDWATER FLOW AND THE THE WATER TABLE AND TILL
THE IMMEDIATE BENEATH THE SITE IS	ARE NOT KNOWN , THE AQUIFER POTABLE AS WELL AS INDUSTRIAL
#SHEA SITE HISTORY AND ENFORCEMENT ACTIVITIES	
THE SITE, IS OWNED BY , FOR THE HANDLING, TREATMENT AND SIMILAR OPERATIONS OCCURRED IN 1983, THE SITE WAS	THE 1970S INDUSTRIAL AND CHEMICAL IN 1980,
ON OR ABOUT MAY 17, 1985, US POTENTIALLY INVESTIGATION AND NATURE AND CONTAMINATION. ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1985, AN	ISSUED LETTERS TO A WAS THE THAT AT THE SITE. THE PURPOSE , AND TO DEVELOP ORDER ORDER
ON OCTOBER 23, 1985, AN	ORDER TO THE SITE ,
CONTAMINATED WORK REQUIRED	AND BY THE SUMMER OF 1986. MORE SUBSEQUENTLY VIOLATION OF THAT ORDER COMPLETED
BELOW.	IN APRIL, 1987. THE RESULTS OF THE WORK CONDUCTED TO DATE ARE DISCUSSED

BRYAN GRAF
WILDLIFE ANALYSIS EPA REPORT





GERDA SCHEEPERS
INSIDE ARRANGEMENT, INTERNATIONAL.
2010
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MARY MARY, GLASGOW



EVERYTHING IS
GOING TO BE OK.

YOU ARE ENOUGH.

CARRIE POLLACK

Gallaspy: Yes, humans are messy, humans are mean and bloody, but they can also make beautiful, exquisite, complex things.... I want to make things that contain both that ugliness and that beauty. I had a professor tell me how moving it was to see that, as I got more skilled, my work got "uglier," like being liberated from refinement. But I always want that attempt in there...the attempt at skill, the demonstration of articulation...

Moon: I feel the opposite. Of course, I do want to achieve skill but I see myself hanging on to it too much sometimes. I have to cancel it.

Gallaspy: Wait...opposite of what? I think we are saying the same thing...

Moon: No, you said earlier as you get more skilled your work got uglier..... Interesting. Because opposite result often happens in my work. I am not saying that my work gets more beautiful but I see skill, technique more than image.

So I have to go back and cancel the image that I have created sometimes when that happens.

Gallaspy: Yes... I think that is true for me too. I think both things are true.

Moon: I want the viewers to engage with my image not my skill. There should be some balance between those. For me when I have too much definite style or skill whatever you call it, I try to get out of it. When I don't think about those things too much my work speaks better.

I always tell my students that "Skill" is a tool. Skill is a weapon that you take to a battle, but just because you have bigger weapon doesn't mean that you win the battle.

Gallaspy: Yes...I like that analogy...skill as a weapon. For me it is maybe like language. Just because you know more words doesn't mean you know how to communicate.

Moon: Exactly. ☺

Gallaspy: I am really intrigued by earnestness. By trying hard... I want the trying to be in the work...

Getting more skilled to me means more skilled overall....Clay is a sensitive material... it takes your temperature constantly, it preserves your intention...hesitancy, confidence, humor, etc...the more I worked with clay, the more I could let it speak.

The less I wanted to control it. That opened things up for me. I could let it go at moments and then swoop in and refine it at others. I could show the struggle as well as the success, because, overall, I had more confidence, and that confidence was embedded in the particles of the clay...

Moon: I guess clay is very honest. Well, I am not sure if I would ever feel more confident with clay than I do with paint, but my not knowing how much about clay somehow gives me a certain freedom to deal with material honestly.

I think that's why I make things so blunt and brave with clay. And the ceramic lady caught that.

Gallaspy: Yes! Blunt and brave...I love that...

JJHA MOON
FACEBOOK CHAT WITH LAUREN GALLASPY, APRIL 21, 2013



Moon: So, the other day at the Ceramic studio, some lady across from my table said "I LOVE how you do things and what you make!"

Gallaspy: That's great! Did you ask her more about it?

Moon: And I said "Thank you." But another lady next to her doubtfully asked her "Why?" and the lady said "Well, she just doesn't care and she just does it!" I did not know if that was a compliment or not.

Gallaspy: That's so funny. I got an email from a former student who said that I taught her something very important which was to never care if something was going to fail, to make it anyway, not worry about whether it looks good or bad or survives the firing or not.

I cringed a little at that, but I was also proud.

Moon: But believe it or not I DO care. ☺

Gallaspy: OF COURSE YOU CARE!

It is the caring that makes the freedom meaningful.

Moon: But, I guess I build things differently than ceramist ladies at the studio.

Gallaspy: It is hard for ceramists...They are taught to follow rules... "ceramist ladies" haunt the serious ceramics artist. They fill workshops and slide lectures, they ask questions, they are engaged, but often in the wrong way. They are afraid of ugliness and uncertainty, a lot of them. They want examples they can replicate. They want patterns.

Moon: Good point. Following patterns can be dangerous.

I play a lot in the boundary between "craft" and "Fine Art" these days. I think about the issue a lot because I need to use a certain amount of skillful craftsmanship to make fine art.

Gallaspy: I don't think there is too much of a difference when it comes to good work.

Moon: Yes.

Gallaspy: Ceramics has taught me to see more instinctively, to lessen judgment and to ignore hierarchies when I need to.

Moon: It is all stupid terms and definitions, distinctions that people like to name. That doesn't matter. Painters can make sculptures and sculptors make prints, ceramists can make drawings. Anything is possible. At the end of the day we are all artists. Good work is good work.

Gallaspy: Skill is important to me. No skill in ceramics and all your work explodes, or fades, but too much and you may not have it fade in just the right way or, like you, use the wrong underglaze and have it burn out to interesting effects...

I look through ceramic history books and I am always amazed at the immediacy of some of the work. The technique is often complicated and foreign...but then the figures themselves can be goofy or crude, the ideas can be immensely strange and immensely personal...

Moon: Yes, technique and skill and even style are important when they support the content of the work. How the formal issues are tightly woven into the concept of the artist. Otherwise, they are pretentious.... not working for me.

But, of course when you are learning and trying new things there will definitely be many mistakes and unexpected results, but that's exciting!

ANDREW GBUR

Gabriel Orozco's skull sits atop a pedestal in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. You can go there and see it. It's your skull too.

As a motivation for a painting assignment entitled, 'paint whatever you want,' I asked my 11-14 year old students at a middle school in Canarsie, Brooklyn to take a couple minutes to picture in their mind and then jot down their answer to the question, 'What would your perfect painting look like?' Here are most of their responses:

- +Tattoos and New York.
- +The colors of the rainbow, and my name in script.
- +Candy land o' chocolate, edible world.
- +Lots of different shades of purple, and a piece of a zebra somewhere.
- +Me at a Chris Brown concert.
- +About my life, what I did over the years.
- +Sunset. Flowers. Abstract. Tattoos. Candyland.
- +An entire world made out of different types of ice cream.
- +A very big, sparkly, neon, and some skyline stuff.
- Very turquoise, pink, silver, (neons), yellow.
- I love spring colors.
- I love emo stuff and love.
- I like when water is in my paintings.
- +Unrealistic, funny.
- +A beautiful sunset with the colors orange, red and yellow.
- It would have nice strokes of paint and patterns.
- +Bright colors and distinctive patterns.
- It would probably be abstract to give some anticipation of a beautiful world that we have never laid our eyes on before.
- +Me dancing behind, or with, a famous person.
- +It has texture and feeling.
- It would be a mystery for the audience to think about what I am painting.
- +The Brooklyn bridge and the projects behind it and it would be kinda smudged and oil pastel.
- +A ninja.
- +The Brooklyn sign
- +It would have texture.
- +It would be beautiful and understandable. It would have the perfect colors.
- +A mist lightning in it.
- +Me ruling the world and everyone kneeling at my feet.
- +DC Universe online game character.
- +Flying clocks, the clock of faint.
- +A policeman welcoming a new immigrant in front of the Statue of Liberty.
- +Two people kissing.
- +Polka dots.
- +Ray Ray from Mindless Behavior, on the beach.
- +A boy playing basketball.
- +A garden with flowers, grass, butterflies.

- +A clean beach, with a beautiful view and quietness.
- +The beautiful things of nature in spring, and would have a kind of a heavenly feel.
- +Has peace signs and the colors red, light blue, and like blue-green.
- Cupcakes that say Happy 12th Birthday Anae.
- +An abstract painting.
- +Things that describe me.
- +A picture of me and all of my friends in our best clothes.
- +My perfect painting would look like my world and dark imagination and Damon Salvatore.
- +Don't Know. tweety bird.
- +Me being able to be best friends with famous people.
- +Justin Drew Bieber and Austin Carter Mahone.
- +Drake and 2 Chainz together rapping.
- +Drizzy Drake (singer) and food.
- +Jaden Smith and my whole family,
- +French fries next to Jordans.
- +A picture of candy
- +And yet it moves from cavern, to jungle to forest and beyond.
- +My painting will look like love.
- +A beautiful flower with sun shining brightly in the nighttime, with a little girl lost in the wonderland.
- +Shows me shooting a basketball and making it on a buzzer beater and winning the game.
- +A picture of my sister.
- +It would look like me with my beautiful structure and beautiful face.
- +Me and a girl on a picnic!!!
- +It will have Mindless Behavior in it with me next to them singing.
- +Birds in the sky with me on the beach with someone famous playing "n the haters." Or a pic of juice or soda.
- +A beautiful mountain view with a river and trees.
- +3D box stick sad mad nervous furious death hell ANGRY!!!!
- +Sunset on a beach with my name in the sun.
- +Puppies and dogs
- +Colorful with squiggly lines and circles.
- +LIGHT DARK Emotional CRAZY HA! HA! HA!
- +Me playing Kobe 1 on 1
- +3 colors -warm colors -shapes -arrows -fun
- +Me playing in a NBA game, guarding Dwayne Wade
- +An elephant holding an elephant
- +The most perfect painting I can imagine is of me.
- +The Wild Forest. Birds, Trees, Fire, Moon
- +Playing basketball with Lebron.
- +President 3D Eagle Mount Rushmore
- +Something that symbolizes you or reflects the life you live.

- +Two people that are in love on the top of a hill.
- +I would draw a lonely flower.
- +All shades of pink, with rainbows and diamonds for clouds.
- +It looks pink & it's original. It will be just thoughts from my mind just painted out on paper.
- +Purple-pink-green fashion dresses
- +Abstract Lines
- +Split road, dry neighborhood, one person
- +Painting like no other, I guess
- +Mickey Mouse head with a human body.
- +Perfect picture of me.
- +LoL Hello Fun
- +Aniyah, Diva, Love, Fun, Charming, Friends, Family, Life, Hope, Happiness, Fashion, Academics, Cute, Chubby, Purple, Blue, Haters.
- +Of me, in my room, playing video games.
- +Vincent Van Gogh Starry Night
- +Death into Heaven
- +The City at night
- +Humans in a city
- +The Rose of Love
- +A sun with sunglasses that's saying STAY COOL
- +Reality: Humans Nature
- +It would have the world and its beauty inside my eyes.
- +A world created of things that seem out of place.
- +Candy and rainbow in a new world.
- +It would look like the sun rising from the river.
- It would represent peace at the river.
- The sun will shine on the river.
- It also might have some guitars in it.
- +A meadow at the farm with no animals. That would be my perfect painting.
- +It would be a painting that I put my blood, sweat and pain into.
- It would be an exact replica of my family portrait.
- And Abstract!
- +It would be pieces being put back together.
- +A picture of my heart with a dart in it.
- +Myself in the NBA on TV, playing basketball.
- +Me and my sister playing at the beach together.
- +A world full of candy, happiness + money.

GINA BEAVERS
A PERFECT PAINTING

XIII

POSTMAN:

INT. POST OFFICE ATRIUM – MORNING

A POSTMAN stands in front of a bank of brass-doored post office boxes. He is alone. He is center framed and looks into the camera.

POSTMAN

Some people . . . a lot of people . . . think it's monotonous. But there is a great deal of variety.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE MAIL SORTING ROOM – MORNING

The room is filled with bins, sorting machines and conveyors. The postman moves from one bin to the next, collects mail and leads it into his bag. He sorts the letters into bundles and binds each bundle with a rubber band.

POSTMAN (V.O.)

The philosophy I've developed is that it's not as much about mail as it is about people.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HAL OF APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY

The woman takes a letter from her box and slips it into the book she has tucked under her arm. She moves toward the stairs.

INT. POST OFFICE ATRIUM – MORNING

The postman, center-framed, looks into the camera.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

When somebody sends a letter, they're sending a piece of themselves. Literally . . . there is probably some of their DNA travelling with that envelope. And then I touch it, and it may even have my fingerprint on it when I deliver it.

RYAN E. STEADMAN

A STRING OF DECISIONS MADE, UNMADE AND AVOIDED

Some days I go into the studio and just look at books for a few hours. I'll browse an old book, like one I have a called *The Image Makers* with pictures of movie stars from the 20's through the 60's, or this hippie book series from the 70's I have called *The Family Creative Workshop*. This is how a headshot of Raquel Welch might make its way into a painting.

Other days I'll just cover an old painting in yellow, and that will be it. My favorite thing to do is to re-engage with old work. As most painters will tell you, often the worst paintings become the best ones.

I want to try a little something new in each painting, or else the process falls flat. I'm terrible at remembering how to do techniques anyway, so it's often likely that I'll never do anything exactly the same. A painting gets worked as much as it needs. Sometimes it gets finished fast, but often it's months and months of repainting.

Sometimes little bits of my life sneak into my paintings. An Arizona Iced Tea can that was in my studio, featuring the golfer Jack Nicklaus, got cut up and glued to a painting. A flower sticker that they give kids at Trader Joe's became a decorative element in another painting.

I work on a bunch of paintings at a time. I put them away for months at a time, and even then I have no idea of what to do next. Sometimes it takes a certain level of frustration to push a painting in a new direction. I have paintings that are 4 years in progress that have no end in sight. But I guess the good thing is, I never totally give up.

I'm also a writer, so sometimes I turn from writing 500 plus words on artists like Molly Smith or Jackie Gendel to making my own work. Sometimes this opens up new portals for me, and sometimes it doesn't affect me at all. I tend to prefer thinking about artwork that (like my own) has one foot in, and one foot out of painting. Artists like Jim Lee, Brian Belott, and Paul Cowan come to mind.

Paint plays a supporting (or at least co-starring) role in most of these pictures, next to the found images or the support itself. If I do paint an abstract painting, I often expose the raw canvas, wood or the layers of previous paint underneath.

I like to react to history through the aesthetics of literature, but I'm not much of a reader, so I don't use text often. My lens places an importance on artists like Barnett Newman, Alberto Burri, Claus Oldenburg, Agnes Martin, Patrick Caulfield, Joseph Cornell, and others.

The book format that I've been focusing on has been a great jumping off point for me. It allows me to make a variety of abstract marks and even add other materials into the mix. I also get to explore the three-dimensional object and the image at the same time.

I enjoy working small. Abstraction on that scale is sneaky. Defenses are lowered with small work, giving you the opportunity to really affect people unexpectedly.

LAURA HUNT

He fell into her
arms and she doesn't see
past her face. Vision
Will, a surface looking has
or three
I know the day I depict
though it will be
a body
or god I ask
the film
whose eyes have eyes?

(or know someone else who can make a single picture yet... ?)
And want to earn \$25 - (thanks for not lying)

DID YOU
NEVER
MADE A
PHOTO IN
YOUR LIFE?

A. B. E: or picture a clock
always already noon
frank wind, a way in
from the west, we meet eleven, not even
eleven again

I held a man
It was a rhyme
While shiny halves and half
to the sky, the sky
I think the brain like a bouquet
Arranges sight
From one to tangled other
I hold a flower to see a painted one
From one to tangled other
And overnight the paintings
Flower
Red and green
Directions, they make
An reference

II

Girls' Bill of Rights

Every girl...every girl...every girl has the right to

DONNA
ILONA
DIANE
MARTHA
An orgasm
Health insurance
Storage space
Change her mind
An opinion
Be too much
Not to smile
A Senate seat
To be wrong
Pony
Know if there's GMO
An abortion
To be safe
Not to be burned at the stake
Not to be maimed
Not to be sold into slavery
Not to be raped by a busload of thugs
Not to be raped by her entire village
Not to be raped
Not to be raped by her father
Not to be stoned to death
Not to be tricked into prostitution
Not to be burned by acid
To fulfill her potential
Marry a girl
Marry a herd of ponies
Marry the one she loves
Be a CEO
Any goddamn thing she wants
A museum retrospective
Chocolate
Be President of the United States of America

NYC

I been above the clouds
And I been under the weather
I been into trouble
And I been out of luck
But I never been anywhere...

I been above the law
And I been under detention
I been into revolution
And I been out of small change
But I never been anywhere...

I been above suspicion
And I been under observation
I been into the closet
And I been out of my mind
But I never been anywhere...

I been above reproach
And I been under the illusion
I been in too far
And I been out of my way
But I never been anywhere...
Like New York City

© Donna Henes, 1979

Rebel

I've got a disease
The clinic cannae fix
We've got a disease
That naebody kicks
We caught it last week
From a radiation leak
Get rebel

My system's infected
Plutonium needles injected
But the doctors are sure
That they'll find a cure
For rebel

It's a disease ye cannae see
It's a disease ye cannae flee
It's a powerful strain
We'll all go insane
The future is bleak
Intimidation gets ye meek
Get rebel rebel

Yer resistance is low
And yer current cannae flow
Ye cannae twist ye cannae shout
'Cause yer channel's all burnt out
Rebel rebel

Lights blink off and on
Yer connection is gone
Radiation in the air
Radiation in yer hair
Radiation in yer food
Don't take that abuse
Don't take no abuse
Get rebel get rebel... rebel... rebel...rebel

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D I S B A N D SONGS

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